

# Eddie Smiles

orphan\_account

## Eddie Smiles by orphan\_account

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**Summary:**

A one shot of Richie singing "Sarah Smiles"- by Panic! At The Disco to Eddie, except some of the lyrics are changed up and he wrote it.

All credits are to the band and Brendon Urie for the beautiful song.

(Originally written on Wattpad)

## Eddie Smiles

### Author's Note:

I don't own these characters nor the lyrics, but I listen to this song a lot and it reminds me of reddie so I thought,, why not make it?

Richie got his guitar on his 10th birthday and has never stopped playing it since. His guitar was his second favorite thing in the world, Eddie being the first. Eddie was important and special to him, and that's why he made a song for the soft brunet boy that made his stomach churn and his cheeks flame red. Today was the special boy's 15th birthday, and he's having a birthday party because his mother is out for the night. He planned to make it the best birthday possible.

Everyone in the losers club knew about his ridiculous crush on Eddie, and they all insisted he should confess, but he wanted it to be special, and now it can be. He told the club that after Eddie's birthday party he would confess, but he needed alone time with him, and they nodded saying something like "of course" and "good luck".

Richie was 99.9% sure he never worked this hard in his life. Some of the lyrics he wrote were originally from Ben, who helped him write the song, that fucking sap. The chords he made were from reading the chords to one of his favorite songs. He practiced his voice, he cried about four times during the making, and all of this took a long time - five months. He spent five months to make this song, unaware when he was going to actually sing this song to him. Ben gave the idea to sing to him on his birthday, and Richie loved the idea. He also hated it, because he didn't want to ruin things on the special boy's birthday.

Richie was fashionably late to Eddie's birthday party, and he was upset to be late, but he spent 2 hours making sure he looked good and had nice smelling breath in case everything went well. He hoped

it would go well.

When he walked in at 5:47pm, 47 minutes late, with a beige guitar strapped around him and on his back, everyone smirked. Except Eddie, who scoffed at him being late. He crossed his arms and pouted the lips Richie wanted to put against his own. The sight before him made his face red, and he felt sick.

When Eddie saw that Richie's face was redder than a tomato he hurried up to him to put his hands on his freckled face, "Richie are you okay? Are you sick?" Richie smirked and took one of Eddie's hands off of his face, holding it in his own, "Yeah, sick of not getting your mom's pussy." At this, Eddie scoffed and slapped him softly on the shoulder, moving to the couch with the rest of the losers. Richie decided to follow him and sit next to him, setting his guitar on the ground.

They were watching a movie, and the movie was Ghostbusters, and Eddie was obviously not into it and was scared, so he decided to do something. He stood, pushing his glasses further into his face and smiled, "Did any of you guys get presents for my Eddie Spaghetti?" Beverley nodded and said, "Of course!" and everyone else said the same exact thing.

They all stood up and went over to the bags and boxes they had for Eddie, they all looked at Richie expectantly, waiting for him to get his present. He smiled lightly and said, "My present will be later on." In response he got a suspicious look from Eddie and smirks from the others. Beverley got Eddie 3 flannels of different colors, along with a pair of blue shorts. Bill got Eddie a new David Bowie vinyl (Richie got him into Bowie, by the way), Stan got him Stephen King books, including Misery and The Dark Tower, Ben got him overalls because everyone told him to, and Mike got him a new red beanie. Eddie was so thankful of all the gifts from them but couldn't help but glance at Richie sadly, wondering why he didn't get him a present.

Stan, Bill, and Beverley were the ones that noticed Eddie's strangeness and decided to grab Richie aside. "Hey, uh, Richie come over here." Stan nodded his head toward Bev, Bill, and himself. They were on the other side of the couch from where Richie and Eddie were. When Richie walked over to them Bill whispered loudly

enough for the 3 of them to hear. "W-when are you guh-going to sing the s-song?" Richie furrowed his eyebrows. "Um, how do you know I'm singing?" Beverley smiled. "Ben can't keep secrets, you know that." Richie nodded in agreement, sighing. Stan nudged Richie. "You're going to do great," he smiled. "And that's a promise." Richie plastered a shit-eating grin on his face and kissed all three of them on the cheek. "Thank you guys," he whispered before walking back to Eddie, who was staring at them.

When Richie sat next to Eddie, he stared at Richie weirdly. "Why didn't you give me a present? And why are you whispering with Bill, Stan, and Beverley?" Eddie seemed pissed and sad, and it scared Richie, because he didn't want to get Eddie mad nor sad. "Did you get cake or anything?" Richie asked, staring at Eddie's freckles and not his eyes. Eddie scoffed and looked away in annoyance. "Beverley made her famous pancakes." He said softly, almost too softly in Richie's ears. He realized he was making his Eds sad, so he decided to grab the boy's hand softly, and Eddie snapped his head towards Richie. "Well, go put the overalls on and we'll eat some delicious pancakes, and after that I want you to sit on the couch." Eddie looked at Richie for a reason why, but when Richie said nothing else he moved to the stairs and ran up them without a word.

After this, the losers stared at Richie for an explanation. "Okay guys, when Eds comes down, we'll eat pancakes in the dining room and you fucking cock blockers will stay in the dining room until further notice. Deal?" Richie hissed with his guitar in hand. Ben bit his lip and walked towards Richie, "You can do this Rich; you spent 5 months, and it will be worth it." Everyone nodded. "Yeah, Richie, it will be worth it for all of us. It was more painful for us to see you two pining for so long." Mike added with a giggle. "I just- I can't believe this is happening!" Beverley nearly screeched with delight. "You best fucking know it!" Richie bounced on his feet with excitement, and the group hugged him and each other with relief and excitement.

They stopped hugging when they heard soft foot steps coming down the stairs; it was Eddie. He was walking down the stairs in overalls and a large sweater, looking beautiful as usual. What he didn't expect though, was a red beanie placed on his chocolate brown hair. The scene before him made him feel like he couldn't breathe or think. It

was like a scene in a movie and he felt like he was floating, like a dream came true. "Okay guys, ready for Bev's signature pancakes!" Eddie clasped his hands together and everyone nodded, running to the dining room. Except Richie. He walked slowly, thinking to himself. How was he going to sing? Will he sound good? Will Eddie like the song? Does Eddie like him? Is he worth it to even try? All these thoughts were going through his head on his way to the table, and he was terrified about what will happen after pancakes. He decided to not ruin the mood and push those feelings aside for awhile.

Beverley took the stack of pancakes covered in syrup, powdered sugar, and sprinkles out of the fridge and onto the table in front of Eddie, who licked his lips feverishly. "Okay Edward! Do you wanna blow out candles?" Beverley asked. Eddie looked up at the red headed girl and shook his head, afraid of the candles lighting something on fire. "Okay! On the count of three we're going to sing happy birthday to our dear Eddie who is turning 15!" Eddie smiled with a slight blush because of the attention on him, and Richie probably died and lived at the same time at the sight of it.

"One, two, three!" Beverley yelled. "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you! Happy birthday dear Eddieeee, happy birthday to you!" They all sang while Eddie was staring at them laughing. Eddie was given the knife to cut the sugary goodness into pieces and give them out to the losers at the table. Everybody moaned at the sight of the fluffy pancakes Beverley made and ate quickly, but not because it was good, but so Richie could finally confess. When everyone was done they rubbed their bellies and sat there, talking about small things and waiting for Eddie to finish. Richie silently begged for Eddie to eat slower while the others silently begged him to eat faster.

Suddenly Richie felt a hand grasp his own - it was Bill's. "I can t-tell you're ner-nervous, duh-don't be." He whispered quietly into Richie's ear. Everybody but Eddie seemed to notice this gesture and gave Richie a look of reassurance, giving him courage. Richie mouthed thanks guys to them and everyone nodded. Soon enough they heard a burp and it came from Eddie's mouth. "Sorry! Excuse me!" He squeaked. They all looked at him and laughed, but Richie stopped laughing when he saw that the plate was empty. Eddie looked at him

softly, "Rich, is everything okay? Do you still wanna go to the living room and talk or what ever?" Richie looked up at him quickly, and nodded. "Yeah! I'm fine, just zoned out is all."

Beverley looked at Richie expectantly, but Richie's eyes just widened. Beverley sighed and turned to Eddie. "Richie wants you in the living room, remember?" Eddie looked at her confused because she somehow knew about it and stood up, walking out and into the living room. Beverley groaned and rolled her eyes to Richie. "Stop being a fucking pussy, Tozier. Sing the fucking song and get it over with." Beverley tugged him by the ears out of his chair. "Ow, what the fuck!" Richie yelled when he fell on his ass, looking up at Beverley. Stan stood up and walked over as well as the rest of them to look down on him. "Go fucking do it!" They exclaimed at him. He scrambled to his feet and pushed in his chair, pushing up his glasses. "Okay, okay! I'm going." He ran out of the dining room and into the living room to find Eddie sitting on the couch, picking at the strings on Richie's guitar.

"Hey little Eddie," Richie said, rubbing his eye under his coke bottle glasses. Eddie looked up smiling softly. "Hey," He put down the guitar, "That's a new name." Richie scratched the back of his neck and sat next to him on the couch. "Yeah, sorry." They sat in silence, looking at each other and things around them until Richie spoke up, breaking the silence. "I-I wanna sing you something," he softly said as he picked up the guitar.

Eddie smiled, watching his every move. "Oh really?" He breathed. Richie nodded, absentmindedly strumming the strings. "I wrote it myself... and it took me 5 months to plan it all." Eddie hummed in response, watching Richie move his fingers.

"It's about you." Richie was shaking at this point, nervous as hell. Eddie's mouth was open, soft breaths coming in and out, and his eyes blinking rapidly. Richie noticed that Eddie was frozen and laughed lightly at the sight. "I'm... I'm just gonna start now." He started the tune and found himself smiling - it's finally happening.

He looked down at the instrument in his hands that would soon change his future.

*"I was a fine, just a guy living on my own waiting for the sky to fall, then  
you came and changed it all, doll*

*velvet lips and the eyes to pull me in, we both know you'd already win  
mm, your original sin.*

*you fooled me once with your eyes, now honey*

*you fooled me twice with your lies and I say*

*Eddie smiles like Eddie doesn't care he lives in his world, so unaware  
does he know that my destiny lies with him*

*Eddie, oh Eddie, are you saving me?"*

He looked up at the adorable boy he fell in love with, who had watery eyes and legs crossed Indian style. His lips were shaking and red from his teeth biting them and his face, a dark pink. Richie gave a small smile, noting that the tears in the freckled boy's eyes were happy ones.

*"waking up to a kiss and you're on your way*

*I really hoped that you would stay*

*but you left and went your own way, babe*

*I don't mind take your time I got things to do*

*besides sit around and wait for you*

*oh, and I hope you do too*

*you fooled me once with your eyes, now honey*



*you fooled me twice with your lies and I say*

*Eddie smiled like Eddie doesn't care*

*he lives in his world, so unaware*

*does he know that my destiny lie-"*

The singer was cut off by a kiss from the boy that changed his whole life with one smile. There was crying of course, for this kiss released years of pining and love for one another. The kiss was salty because of the tears swirling in and the kiss was sweet because of the lingering pancake left on their lips. It was perfect. When Eddie pulled away, his lips were wet and red, and so were his eyes. Tears streamed down his pink and freckled cheeks, but there was a smile, and in this boy was so much happiness it was indescribable. Eddie was breathing heavily.

"You have no idea how long I wanted to fucking do that Rich." Richie smiled his signature smile and pecked the boy's lips 3 times, finishing the third with a dramatic "muah". Richie held Eddie close to him. "Oh, Eds I can't believe this is happening!" Eddie giggled. "Me neither!"

Then there was clapping heard in the background. "Congratulations fuckers you finally did it!" Stan screamed, running towards them and pouncing on them. Beverley fell to her knees dramatically and prayed, "Dear God, bless you for giving Richie the balls to finally make a fucking move, amen." "All of our dreams came true!" Richie screeched as he pushed Stan off of him and Eddie. He glanced at Eddie who was radiating with happiness, "It really did." He said, more quieter.

### **Author's Note:**

I'm not the best at writing but hopefully this was good. Thank you